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MAY 15¢

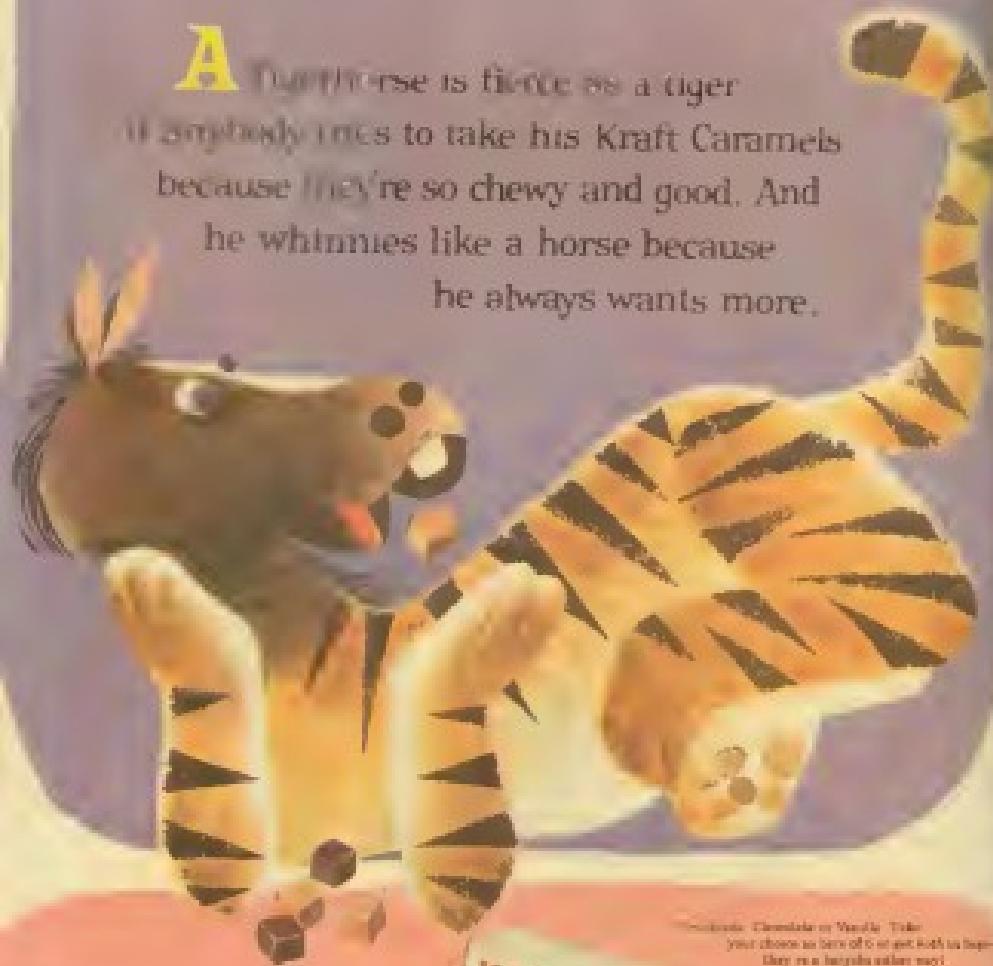
THE LONE RANGER

Mysterious robberies are ruining the stage line and The Lone Ranger must find a way to stop them!



This is a Tigerhorse

A Tigerhorse is fierce as a tiger
if anybody tries to take his Kraft Caramels
because they're so chewy and good. And
he whinnies like a horse because
he always wants more.



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Caramels like
Kraft makes
everything - and that's good!



Milk chocolate or Vanilla. Take
your choice in bars of 6 or get both in bags
they're a happy-sugar way!

the LONE RANGER

the STAGE DOBBERS' SIGNAL

HEEYAH!

WATCH OUT,
TOMO! SOMETHING
HAS SCARED
SILVER!

DON'T REACH
OR YOU'RE AS
GOOD AS
DEAD!

YOU KNOW WHAT WE
WANT... TO GET YOU FOR
ROBBING THEM OF OUR STAGES
AND KILLING THAT DRIVER
TWO DAYS AGO!

ZING!

YOU'RE MISTAKEN!
WE...

— THAT ANGRY TELL'S
ME I'M NOT MISTAKEN.
WE'VE HUNTED FOR YOU
A LONG TIME! LUCKY
WE SPOTTED YOUR FIRE!

I GOT A LOOK AT THE MAN
WHO DROPPED THE DRIVER.
PROBABLY HIDING BEHIND HIS
MOTOR NOW; BUT HE ISN'T
HIDING ANY LONGER.

CHARLES F. COOPER, President of Cooper, 2019-2021, 221 West 44th Street, New York 36, N.Y.
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TWO DAYS LATER...

HOWDY, JIM! THAT
WATER LOOKS GOOD,
ESPECIALLY SINCE IT'S THE
LAST MY TEAM OR I
WILL SEE FOR THE
NEXT FIFTY MILES!

AS LONG AS THERE'S
ENOUGH WHO TO TURN THE
PUMP, YOUR STAGES AND THE
PASSING TRAINS CAN
FILL UP!





THAT STAGE PASSES ON SAFELY, BUT THE FOLLOWING DAY AS THEY DROVE MORE THAN A STAGE ACROSS THE BADLANDS....





BLOWIE, THE LONE RANGER'S BINOCULARS SCAN THE WATERLESS WASTELANDS....

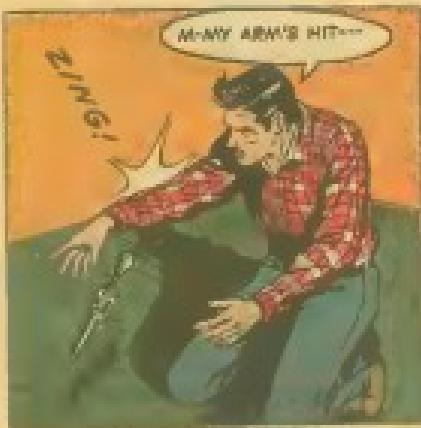


THE NEXT MORNING, HALF AN HOUR BEFORE THE EARLY STAGE'S ARRIVAL....











Lone Ranger
MYSTERY

SEE IF YOU CAN SOLVE
THE MYSTERY ALONG WITH
THE LONE RANGER.

“WHY YOU GENTRY
CHEATERS! YOU LET TORRENT
JUNK UP MY CLAIM!”

the FALSE CLAIM





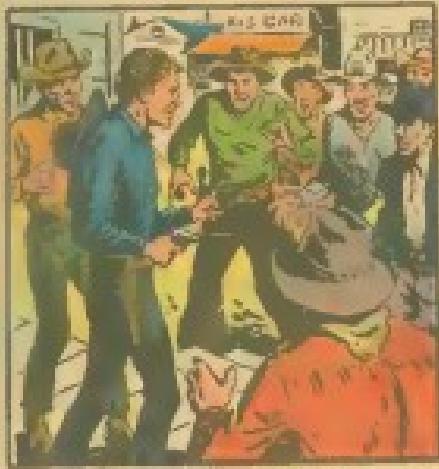


DESPITE GROSS'S PROTESTS, TORRENT TAKES THE LEAD, AS THE HORSES SPLASH ONWARD, WHEN Sudden---





THE SUSPECT



But they captured Mel Rivers that very afternoon and dragged him back to town. His trial was held that next week.

Surprisingly enough things went well for the accused. Mel's lawyer pointed out that no one had seen him in town the night of the killing, and that Mel had reported to the sheriff that his gun had been stolen. The jury was beginning to look doubtful when young Dan stepped to the stand. Hesitantly, Dan testified he'd seen Mel enter the mine at the time of the shooting in town. But his trembling voice convinced everyone Dan was covering up for his uncle.

"Don," said the prosecutor, "I think you're lying to protect your uncle. If you help to free a killer now, he may kill again. Remember, you swore to tell the truth, the whole truth."

Don hung his head, thoughtfully. Then looked straight at the prosecutor. "You're right, sir. I've got to tell the truth, no matter what! My uncle did kill old Bart. No, I didn't see him do it, but I heard the shooting. I ran into the alley. Bart was breathing his last. He rolled long enough to tell me it was Uncle Mel who did it. Then I ran away!"

The courtroom was in an uproar as Don descended from the witness chair.

Suddenly Marshal Carter stood and spoke to the judge. "Your honor, I'm afraid I'll have to arrest Dan Rivers on suspicion of murder."

"On what evidence?" said the judge in surprise.

"The medical report showed that old Bart died instantly. He couldn't have said anything to Dan or anyone else."

"But why would I want to lie about a thing like that?" yelled Dan.

"When Bart died the gold mine went to your Uncle Mel. If Mel is executed then you inherit the mine. When you helped your uncle escape you were hoping we'd kill him. When that didn't work you made up this bald-faced lie."

With a howl of rage Dan charged through the crowd but the marshal's gun stopped him. "Stick around son, this trial is over, but there's going to be another one."

"Marshal Carter, my Uncle Mel never killed Bart Mason!"

Carter pushed his prisoner through the crowd to the jail door. "Sorry, Dan, but your uncle will have to stand trial," the lawman said.

"A trial! This town's ready to hang him right now!"

"And with good reason," snapped a bystander. " Didn't we find Mel's gun in the alley near Bart's body?"

Mel Rivers spun around angrily, blazing. "Bart was my partner for twenty years. Why should I kill him?"

Carter spoke. "That mine you and Bart discovered last month. With Bart dead the mine's all yours."

Mel Rivers' tanned face turned gray. The crowd looked on him with stony faces.

Suddenly young Dan drew his gun. "Stand back, all of you! Quick, Uncle Mel, grab the marshal's gun and head for the canyon country. They'll never give you a fair trial here!"

"Thanks, boy," said Mel. A moment later he was mounted and racing out of town.

"You made it worse," commented Carter, grimly. "Mel was only a suspect. Now he's a fugitive, armed and dangerous. And everyone's sure he's guilty."

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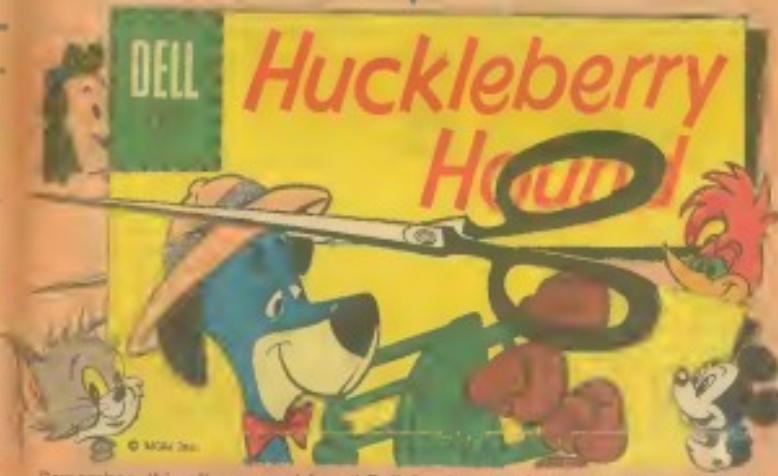
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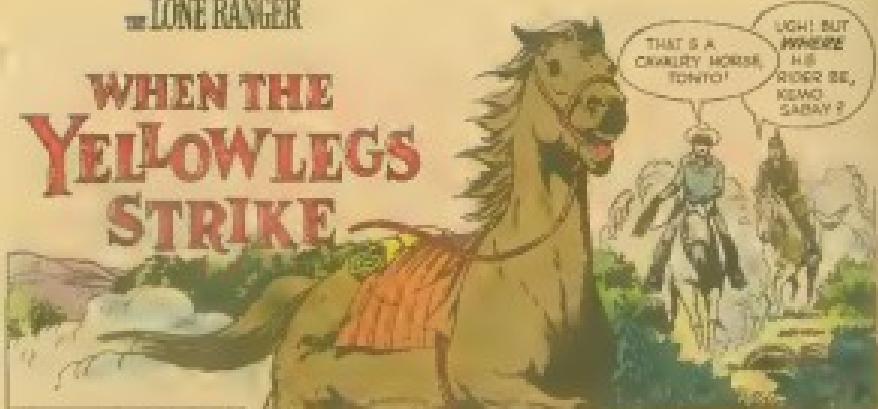


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THE LONE RANGER

WHEN THE YELLOWLEGS STRIKE



MAJOR, WE
SAW THIS RIDERLESS
HORSE...

YOU MEAN YOU AND
THE PEES OF YOUR GANG
SAW THE SADDLEBAG
THAT HAD GOLD IN IT,
AND ROBBED THE INDIAN
SCOUT, WHO WAS ON A
MISSION FROM OUR FORT!



YOU CAN SEE
WE ARE CARRYING NO
SADDLEBAG! AS FOR
THE INDIAN
SCOUT...

...WE'LL GET ALL
THE ANSWERS BACK
AT THE FORT ONCE
YOU'RE SAFELY
IN OUR SIGHT!



HEHO BABY, INDIAN
SIGN SAY CHEYENNE
ATTACK NEXT WAGON
TRAIN THAT HEAD
WEST!

THE INDIAN SCOUT
FOR THE ARMY MUST
HAVE WRITTEN
THAT WARNING AND
SENT HIS HORSE OFF
WITH IT WHEN HE
WAS ATTACKED--AND
EITHER CAPTURED
OR KILLED!



MAJOR, THERE
IS SOMETHING
IMPORTANT YOU
SHOULD KNOW...

HOLD YOUR TONGUE OR
I'LL HAVE A GAS STUFFED
DOWN YOUR THROAT!
WE HAS ENOUGH
TROUBLE FOR ONE
DAY! ANOTHER!



SOON...

HOW TO TAKE
OFF YOUR MASK SO
I CAN SEE WHICH
WANTED POSTER
YOUR FACE
MATCHES!

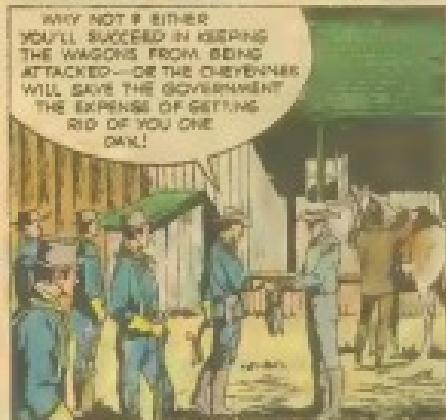
BEFORE YOU DO THAT,
LISTEN! THERE IS A
WARNING ON THIS
LEATHER STRIP THAT
WAS WRITTEN BY
YOUR INDIAN SCOUT.
CAN YOU READ IT?



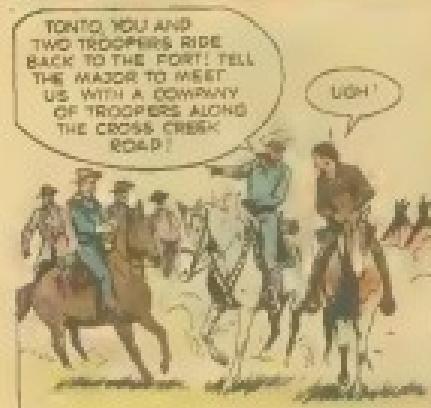
NO--I CAN'T!
AND THERE ISN'T
ANYONE AT THE
FORT WHO
CAN!

TONTO AND I CAN! LEAVE
MY MASK ON AND WE'LL
READ THE WARNING!
UNMASK ME AND DOZENS
OF PEOPLE'S LIVES WILL
BE ENDANGERED BE-
CAUSE YOU HAVE MIS-
TAKEN ME FOR AN
OUTLAW! WHAT IS
YOUR DECISION?

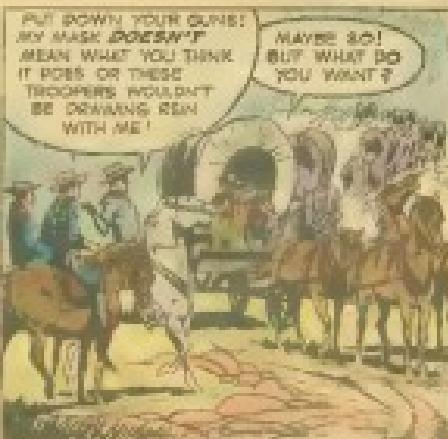








SOON...



WE WANT TO PREVENT
YOU FROM BEING ATTACKED
BY THE CHEYENNES! CUT
OFF THE REGULAR
TRAIL AND MAKE FOR
CROSS CREEK!

CROSS CREEK?
WHY, THAT'S A
LONG DETOUR!
BUT IF IT'LL SAVE
OUR HAIR, IT'S
WORTH IT!

LATER, AS THEY NEAR CROSS CREEK...



THE CHEYENNES
HAVE FOLLOWED US WHILE
THE WAGONS!



ZOOM! THE TROOPERS ARE HERE...

BANG! BLAM!

ZING!

YELLOWSTRIPES!

OWW!



RIDE FOR
OUR FIGHTS!



AND AFTER THE CHEYENNES RACE OFF...

NOW, WISTER, YOU HAVE A LOT TO ANSWER FOR! WHY DID YOU, ON YOUR OWN AUTHORITY, TAKE THE WAGON TRAIN ROUTE FIVE MILES FROM THE OFFICIAL ROUTE?

MAJOR, BY MAKING THE CHEYENNES ATTACK THESE WAGONS FIVE MILES BEYOND THE LAND THEY CLAIM, WE HAVE SHOWN THEY ARE OUT FOR FIGHTING AND LOOTING--AND NOT OUT TO PROTECT THEIR OWN LANDS!



SAY--YOU ARE RIGHT!
THEY CLAIMED OUR ROUTE
TRESPASSED A MERE
TWO HUNDRED YARDS,
BUT THEY CAME WAY
OUT HERE TO HIT THE WAGONS!

WITH THIS EVIDENCE
YOU CAN FORCE
BLACK LANCE TO
KEEP TO HIS ROUTE!



WAGONMASTER, FORM
YOUR COLUMN! YOU ARE
HEADING WEST THANKS
TO THE HELD OF ---
THE LONE
RANGER!

AY-YO, SURELY AWAY!



YOUNG HAWK

YOUNG HAWK MEETS THE WHITE BEAR

SEE, YOUNG HAWK!
WE MUST BE VERY NEAR
THE FROZEN HOME OF THE
WHITE BEAR. EVEN THE SEA
IS FILLED UP WITH ICE!

WE WILL
SAIL NORTH TILL
WE FIND HIM,
LITTLE BUCK!

MANY DAYS OF FAIR SAILING HAVE BROUGHT YOUNG HAWK AND HIS CREW OF TWO NORTH OF BERING STRAIT. ON THE WAY THEY HAVE TAKEN SKINS OF SEALS AND SEA OTTERS AND MADE WARM CLOTHING AGAINST THE BITTER COLD.

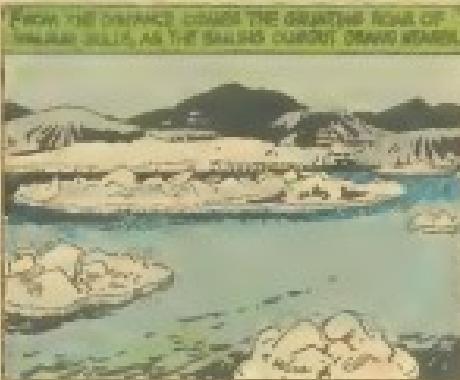
COURTESY OF THE BERNARDINI PUBLISHING CO.

MY "REDFACE" TELLS ME WE WILL MEET THE GREAT WHITE BEAR SOON! I DREAMED AGAIN OF HIM LAST NIGHT!

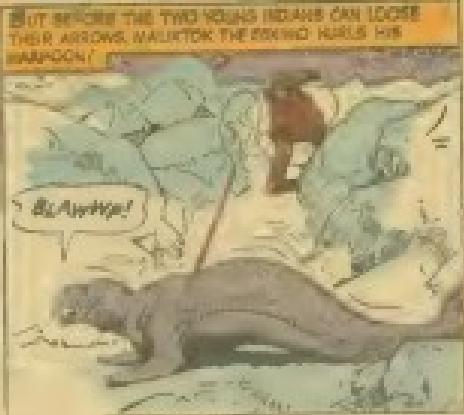
WASH! THAT IS GOOD! BUT WE NEED MEAT, TOO!

LOOK—OFF THERE ON THE BIG ICE FAM—
ARE THEY SEAL'S?

THEY ARE BIGGER THAN STARS, SEA EAGLE—but they are meaty!



THWEE THE SAIL, LITTLE BUCK!
WE'LL CIRCLE TO THE FAR SIDE
OF THE ICE FAM AND TRY TO
STALK THE BEASTY!





BITING SAVAGELY AT THE ARROW SHAFT, THE BEAR LOOSENS HIS GRIP ON MAUR-TOK!

GET BACK! I'LL TAKE HIM OUT!

TUMU!—
BE QUICK!—



THE AXE—FLASHING DOWNWARD, STRIKES TRUE!

HANNH!



IT'S DEAD, YOUNG HAWK! THE GREAT WHITE BEAR OF OUR DREAM!

HIS FLESH IS DEAD—
HIS SPIRIT LIVES!
I WILL SPEAK TO
HIM...



O SPIRIT OF THE WHITE BEAR, FORGIVE THE
SLOW WHICH BROUGHT YOU DOWN! ENTER NOW
INTO MY HEART AND SIMPLY GIVE ME YOUR
STRENGTH. AND YOUR FRIEND, YOU WHO
CALLED US FROM THE WARM SOUTHERN
SEA, IN OUR DREAM, MAKE IT CLEAR HOW
WHAT WE MUST DO!



A-HENG-HANNH-MAT! YOU KILLED HIM! HE IS YOUR MEAT!

NO, YOU KILLED
HIM WITH YOUR
KNIFE—I ONLY FINISHED
THE JOB! HE IS YOURS!

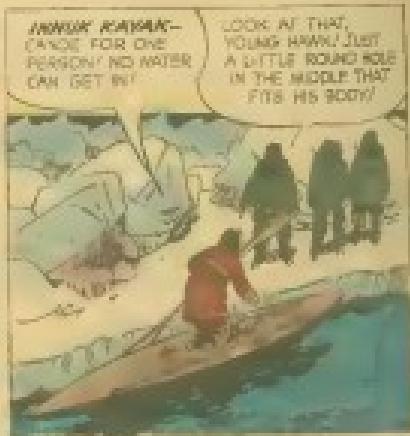


THIS IS LITTLE BUCK—
I AM YOUNG HAWK!
LET US BE FRIENDS!

MA-MUR-TOK!
IT IS GOOD! I AM
MALIK-TOK!











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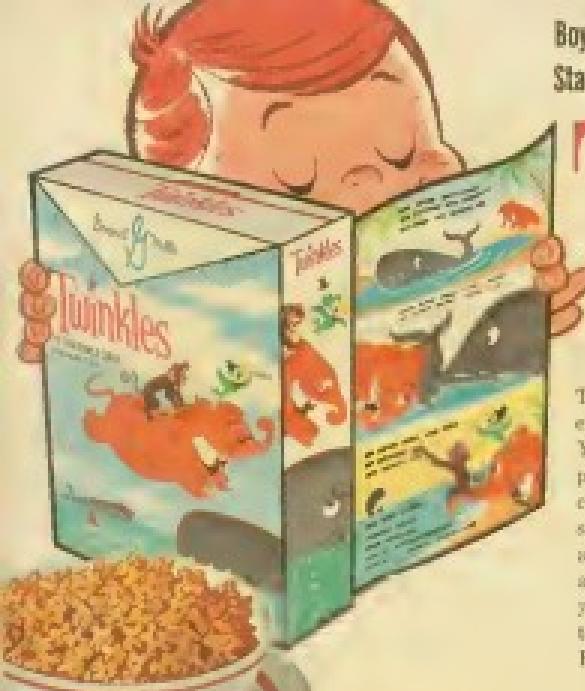
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